

NAMES OF THE CHILDREN IN BRANSTON SCHOOL.

Of Branston School I have things to show
 At which you will smile, I very well know :
 One large—two small—rooms and *Chambers* are there,
 Which last in a National-School are rare ;
 And a *Booth* which, tho' *Slight*, is *Cooling* and sweet,
 In its shade we a-*Wait* the subsiding of heat.
 We've an *Armstrong* to protect, a *Marshall* to lead,
 A *Hackney* to ride, a *Sharp Spurr*, if need.
 We claim some relation to days long gone by,
 When our *Fletchers* made arrows for Saxons to fly ;
 We now find our *Wrights* and *Smiths* full employ ;
 Our *Bell* is a real thing, truly no toy.
 We show but three colors *White*, *Brown*, and *Green*,—
 Tho' different kinds of them may be seen,
 As *Greenham*, and *Greenfield*, and *Applewhite* sweet,
 And *Goulding* (*Knott* guilding) in our School-room you meet.
 Paradoxical as the statement may be,
 We have Girls who are Sons, you quickly shall see—
 A *Harrison*, *Pearson* and *Dixon*, as well
 As *Robinson*, *Wilson* and *Dawson* to tell.
 If *Fiveson* is curious, just simply believe
 That is only a sign of a true son of *Fve*.
 We produce wood and *Hewitt* of rather rare kind,
 Here *Prestwood* and *Thistlewood* occur to the mind.
 Like an emperor, too, if we wish for a change,
 We've an *Femms* of our own ; and you may think it strange
 We boast *Briggs*, *Sands*, *Ancliff's* when we name our extent,
 A city as *York*,—a fine county as *Kent*.
 Name places *Boulton*, *Ashley* and *Chantry*, we say ;
Malby, *Rossington*, *Reynolds* (ton), *Wheatley* too pray.
 And villages as *Newton* and *Spalding* we name
 Have an *Ingall* (ingle) or *fireside* (both mean the same).
 No member to the Commons, for our borough we send,
 Tho' debates at the board we command without end ;
 When—(I just say this, dear friend, between you and me)
 In drawing out *Staples* with our *Leversedge*—so
 Some one's *Leggot* a *Gash*, then oh ! where would he go ?
 Where they'd put him some *Linton Pacey* ever so slow.
 When *Moody* we Hunt on the East of our *Townhill*,
 Or chase *Sparrows*, *Rooks*, *Doves* off our *Holmes* with a will ;
 Our *Butler* is present, of course, at our feeding ;
 And keeping a *Carter*, we do our own leading.
 We've a *Spencer*, which was laid by so long ago,
 That I fear it is now much too *Creasey* to show.
 Our *Taylor* makes waistcoats (not *Claricoates*) we find
 Which button before and *Buckle* behind.
 I would none should be *Hurton* the score of the pains
 I have taken to give you the children's names.
 Now *Drayton*, and *Vessey*, and *Rylatt*, and *Copley*,
 (Which putting in *Allen* will just rhyme with *Topley*) ;
Tindall and *Alcock*—there are surely no more—
 Save *AtKint(fare)*, a town on the banks of the *Stour*.
 The writer would just add, that all thro' the year,
 Even scorching July, it is *Winter* here ;
 Have you found some amusement in reading her song ?
 Then she *Flatters* herself it is not too long.

A. G.,
Branston, 1876.